I would have killed you if a breath Fraught with some insensate death, Magdalena'

Had power to breathe your life away
To so exhale that rose-hued clay,
Magdalenal

Like roses in a single night

I would have killed you thus and felt My will a blessed doom had dealt: Magdalena!

Ah! would to God! then I had beet ould to Gour scarlet sin, Magdalena!

Ah! when I thought your soul as white, As the white rose you were that night; Magdalena!

I wonder how your mother came To give you that sin-sullied name,

Did some remorseless, vengeful fate In mockery of your lofty state; Magdaienal

Because you wore the branded name Fling over you its scarlet shame, Magdalena?

And nearer yet the hands stretch out,

A thousand silver trumpets shout

Magdaler They lift you up through floods of light!
I see your garments growing white
Magdalens!

And whiter still, too white to touch

They lift you up through floods of light, The streaming splendor blinds my sight, Magdalena

I feel the whirl of countless wings; I lose the sense of earthly things; Magda

The starry splendors burn anew,
The starry splendors light me through,
Magdalena!

gain the disry height. I see There's room for you; there's room for me, Magdalena'

There is no peace for you below, That horrid heritage of woe,

There is no room for you on earth, Accursed from your hour of birth,

But where the angels chant and sing, And where the amaranthe blossoms spring, Magdalena!

There's room for you, who have no room Where lower angels chant your doom, Magdalens!

There's room for you! the gate's ajar!
The white hands beckon from afar,
Magdalens!

And nearer yet they stoop; they wait; They open wide the jasper gate! Magdalena!

## LED ASTRAY.

OCTAVE FEUILLET.

## III. MALOUET, 20TH SEPTEMBER.

I have just received your letter. You belong to the true breed of Monomotape friends, Paul. But a bat puerility! And such is the cause of your sudden return! A trifle, a silly nightmare, which for two successive nights caused you to hear the nd of my voice calling on you for help! Ab, bitter fruits of the wretched German cuieine! Really, Paul, you are foolish!to tears. I cannot answer you as I would like to. My heart is tender, but my speech is dry. I have never been able to tell any one, "I love you!" There is a jealous fiend who alters on my lips every word of affec tion, and imparts to it a tone of irony.-But, thank God, you know me!

It seems that I make you laugh while you make me weep? Well, I am glad of it. Yes, my noble adventure in the forest has had a sequel, and a sequel with which I might have very well dispensed. All the misfortunes which you felt were threatening me have actually happened to me;

The day following this fatal day I began the mill, by relating to them good-naturedly the most piquant episode of my famous race. I saw them beaming as they heard the narrative; the woman in particular was writing in atrocious convulsions, and with formidable stretches of her jaws. I have never seen snything so hideous in all

a hook over his mantelpiece a long, rusty tube, that made me think of Leather Stocking's rifle, and laid it into my hands, while boasting of the murderous qualities of that instrument. I acknowledged his kindness with an outward show of lively satisfaction, never having had the heart to undeceive people who think they are doing something to please me, and I start-ed for the woods that cover the hillsides, most dangerous kind. I went to take a sally affair, for which I now beg to tender you me sincere apologies. My name is the long gun by me; then I amused myself driving away, by throwing stones at them, the young rabbits that ventured imprudently in the vicinity of an engine of war for the effects of which I could not be seen. You carried your point. What the long the could not be seen. You carried your point. What the long the could not be seen. be responsible. Thanks to these precau-tions, for over an hour that this hunt last-

To speak candidly, I was rather glad to allow the hour to pass when the hunting-party from the chateau are in the habit of taking the field, not caring very much.

"You laugh," rejoined the old marquis, "brave! we'll soon come to an understanding, then. Now, what's to prevent your taking the field, not caring very much. through a remnant of vain-glory, to find ed me to invite you; she has heard in demyself on their passage that day. Towards tail all your annoyances of yesterday.—
two o'clock in the afternoon, I left my seat
of mint and wild thyme, satisfied that I

\*\*\* She is no longer young, always ill; had, henceforth, no uppleasant encounter to apprehend. I handed the blunderbuss I'll locate you in the library; \*\*\* you'll to the miller, who seemed somewhat surprised to see me empty-handed, and more so, probably, to see me alive still. I went to take a stand opposite the portal, and I madertook to finish a general view of the stition! Well, you'll find congenial comruin, a magnificent water-color, which is pany \* \* \* my wife is full of sense; I am certainly to secure the approbation of the minister.

I was deeply absorbed in my work, when I suddenly fancied I could bear more dis
\* The devil! not at all! I'll astonish of the two dishes to which the marquis

## THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MARCH 10, 1875.

tinetly than usual that sound of running horses which, since my misadventure, was forever haunting my ears. I turned around sharply, and I discovered the enemy within two hundred paces of me. This time he was attired in plain clothes, being apparently equipped for an ordinary ride; he had obtained, since the previous day several recruits of both sexes, and now really formed an imposing body. Though long prepared for such an occurrence I could not help a certain discomfort, and I secretly cursed those indefatigable idlers. Nevertheless, the thought of retreating never occurred to me; I had lost all taste for flight for the rest of my days.

As the cavalcade drew nearer, I could

hear smothered laughter and whisperings, the subject of which was but too evident the subject of which was but too evident to me. I must confess that a spark of anger was beginning to burn in my heart, and while going on with my work with an appearance of unabated interest, and indulging in admiring motions of the head before my water-color, I was lending to the scene going on behind me a somber and vigilant attention. However, the first intention of the party seemed to be to spare and vigilant attention. However, the first intention of the party seemed to be to spare my misfortune; instead of following the path by the side of which I was established, and which was the shortest way to the ruins, they turned aside towards the right, and filed by in silence. One alone among them, falling out of the main group, came and the ruins of the main group, came and the ruins of the main group. rapidly in my direction, and stopped within ten steps of my studio; though my face was bent over my drawing. I felt, by that strange intuition which every one knows, a human look fixed upon me. I raised my eyes with an air of indifference, drop-ping them again almost immediately; that rapid gesture had been sufficient to enable me to recognize that indiscreet observer, the young lady with the blue feathers, the original cause of all my mishaps. She was there, boldly seated on her horse, her chin aised, her eyes half closed, examining me from head to foot with admirable inso-lence. I had thought it best at first, out of respect for her sex, to abandon myself without resistance to her impertinent cu-riceity; but after a few seconds, as she manifested no intention of putting an end to her proceedings, I lost patience, and, raising my head more openly, I fixed my eyes upon her with politegravity, but persisting steadiness. She blushed; seeing which, I bowed. She returned me a a slight inclination of the head, and, moving off at a canter, she disappeared under the vault of the old church. I thus remained master of the field, keenly relishing the triumph of fascination I had just obtained over that little person, whom there certainly was considerable merit in

putting out of countenance.

The ride through the forest lasted some twenty minutes, and I soon beheld the brilliant fantasia debouching pell-mell from the portal. I feigned again a profound abstraction; but this time again, one of the riders left the company and ad-vanced toward me; he was a man of tall stature, who wore a blue frock-coat, buttoned up to his chin, in military style .-He was marching so straight upon my lit-tle establishment, that I could not help supposing he intended passing right over it for the amusement of the ladies. I was therefore watching him with a furtive but wide awake glance, when I had the satisfaction of seeing him stop within three

"Monsieur," he said, in a full and frank tone of voice, "will you permit me to look at your drawing?"

I returned his salutation, nodded in to ken of acquiescence, and went on with my work. After a moment of silent contemplation the unknown equestrian, apparent y yielding to the violence of his impres-sions, allowed a few laudatory epithets to escape him; then, resuming his direct al-

"Monsieur," he said, "allow me to return thanks to your talent; we shall be in debted to it. I feel quite sure, for the pres ervation of these ruins, which are the or-nament of our district."

I abandoned at once my reserve, which could no longer be anything but childish sulkiness, and I replied, as I thought I should, that he was appreciating with too much indulgence a mere amateur's sketch; that I certainly had the greatest desire of saving these beautiful ruins, but that the important part of my work threatened to remain quite insignificant, for want of historical information which I had vainly tried to find in the archives of the

"Parbleu, Monsieur," rejoined the horse

ment. I regretted not to have known it sooner. I feared being recalled to Paris my life as this coarse, cowherd's joy.

As a testimonial of the complete restotion of his sympathy the miller asked me if I was fond of hunting, took down from to attenuate by the courteousness of my idea of my interlocutor. He was a hand-some old man, with broad shoulders, who seemed to carry with ease the weight of some sixty winters, and whose bright blue eyes expressed the kindliest good feeling.
"Come! come!" he exclaimed, "let us
speak frankly. You feel some repugnance
at mingling with that band of hare-brain-

carrying like a lance that venerable wea-pon, which seemed indeed to me of the most dangerous kind. I went to take a

else can you ask?"
I could not help laughing on hearing such a favorable interpretation of my un lucky scrape.

we'll have a game together. You must like to live well-delicately, I mean, as it is proper and suitable for a man of taste and intelligence. Well! since you appre-ciate good living, I am your man; I have an excellent cook. I may even say that I have two for the present: one coming in and one going out; it is a conjunction; the result is, a contest of skill, an academic judging the prize! \* \* Come!" he added, laughing ingenuously at his own chattering, "It's settled, isn't it? I'm going to carry you off." Happy, Paul, thrice happy, and happy, Paul, thrice happy, Paul, thrice

py is the man who can say No! Alone, he is really master of his time, of his fortune, and of his honor. One should be able to say Nol even to a beggar, even to a woman, even to an amiable old man, under penalty of surrendering at hazard his charity, his dignity, and his independence. For want of a manly No, how much misery, how many downfalls, how many

while I was considering in my own mind the invitation which had been extended to me, these thoughts crowded in my brain. I recognized their profound wisdom, and I said Yes!—fatal word, through which I lost my paradise, exchanging a retreat wholly to my taste—peaceful, laborious, romantic, and free-for the stiffness of a residence where so for the stiffness of a residence where so-ciety displays all the fury of its insipid dissipations. I demanded the necessary time for effecting my removal, and Mon-sieur de Malonet left me, after grasping my hand cordially, declaring that he was extremely pleased with me, and that he was going to stimulate his two cooks to give me a triumphant reception. "I am going," said he, in conclusion, "to an-nounce to them an artist, a poet; that will ness, though with the painful certainty work up their imagination.

Toward five o'clock, two valets from the chateau came to take charge of my light baggage, and to advise me that a carriage was waiting for me on the top of the hills. I bade farewell to my cell; I thanked my hosts; and I kissed their little urchins, all besmeared and ill-kempt as they were.-These kind people seemed to see me going with regret. I felt, myself, an extraordi-nary and unaccountable sadness. I know not what strange sentiment attached me to that valley, but I left it with an aching heart, as one leaves his native country.

More to-morrow, Paul, for I am ex-

IV. 26TH SEPTEMBER.

The chateau of Malouet is a massi and rather vulgar construction, which dates some one hundred years back. Fine avenue, a court of honor of a handsome style, and an ancient park impart to it, however, an aspect truly seigneurial.

The old marquis came to receive me at the foot of the stoop, passed his arm un-der mine, and after leading me through a long mase of corriders, introduced me inlong mase of corriders, introduced me into a vast drawing-room, where almost complete obscurity prevailed; I could only vaguely distinguish, by the intermitent blaze of the hearth, some twenty persons of both sexes, scattered here and there in small groups. Thanks to this blessed twilight, I effected safety in my entrance, which had at a distance offered itself to the control of somewhat alarming light. I had barely time to receive the compliment of welcome which Madame de Malouet addressed me in a feeble but penetrating voice. She took my arm almost at once to pass into the dining-room, having resolved, it appears, to refuse no mark of consideration to a pedestrian of such surprising agili-

Once at the table and in the bright light, I was not long in discovering that my feats of the previous day had by no means been forgotten, and that I was the center of geneneral attention; but I stood bravely this cross-fire of curious and ironical glances, intrenched on the one hand behind a mountain of flowers that ornamented the center of the table, and on the other assisted in my defensive position by the ingenuous kindness of my neighbor. Madame de Malouet is one of those rare old women whom superior strength of mind or great purity of soul has preserved fortieth year, and who have saved from the wreck of their youth a single waif, itself a supreme charm, grace. Small, frail, her face pale and withered from the effects of habitual suffering, she justifies exactly her husband's expression: "She is a breath, a breath that exhales intelligence and good nature!" Not a shadow of any pretension unbecoming her age, an exquisite care of her person without the faintest trace of coquetry, a complete oblivion of her departed youth, a sort of bashfuluess at being old, and a touching desire, not to please, but to be forgiven; such is my adorable marquise. She has traveled much, read much, and knows Paris well. I roamed with her through one of those rapid conversations in which two minds whirl and for the first time seek to become acquainted, rambling from one pole to the other, touching lightupon all things, disputing gayly and

happy to agree.

Monsieur de Malouet seized the oppor tunity of the removal of the collossal dish that separated us to ascertain the condition of my relations with his wife. He seemed satisfied at our evident good intelligence, and raising his sonorous and

cordial voice: 
"Monsieur," he said to me, "I have spoken to you of my two rival cooks; now is the time to justify the reputation of high discernment which I have attributed to you in the minds of these artists. \* \* Alas! I am about to lose the old-

est, and without doubt the most skillful of these master—the illustrious Jean Rostain. It was he, sir, who, on arrival from Paris, two years ago, made this re-markable speech to me: 'A man of taste, Monsieur le Marquis, can no longer live in Paris; they practice there now, a certain \* \* \* romantic style of cooking, which will lead us to heaven knows where!"-in short, sir, Rostain is a class ic. This singular man has an opinion of his own! Well! you have just tasted in succession two entremets dishes of which cream forms the essential foundation; according to my idea, these dishes are both a success; but Rostain's work has struck me as greatly superior. \* \* \* Ah, ah sir, I am curious to know if you can of your own accord and upon that simple in dication, assign to each tree its fruits, and render unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar.

Ah, ah, let us see if you can!"

you. \*\* You must be fond of whist; had just called my attention, and I had we were reaching, Monsieur de Malouet

vol Rostain shalt hear of it, and his heart will rejoice. Ah, monsieur, why has it not been my good fortune to receive you in my house a few days sooner? I might perhaps have kept Rostain, or, to speak more truly, Rostain might perhaps have kept me, for I cannot conceal the fact, gentlemen hunters, that you are not in the good graces of the old chef, and I am not far from attributing his departure, from whatever pretext he may choose to

color it, to the annoyance he feels at your complete indifference. Thinking it might be agreeable to him, I informed him a few weeks ago that our hunting meetings were about to secure him a concourse of connoiscurs worthy of his talents."

"Monseur le Marquis will excess me," replied Rostain with a sickly smile, "if I do not share his illusions in the first

place a hunter devours and does not eat he brings to the table the stomach of s man just saved from shipwreck, iratum ventrem, as Horace says, and swallows up without choice and without reflection, gulæ parens, the most serious productions of an artis; in the second place, the violent exercise of the chase has developed in such guests an inordinate thirst, which they generally slake without moderation. Now, monsieur le Marquis is not ignorant of the opinion of the ancients on the excessive use of wine during meals; it the excessive use of wine during meals; it blunts the taste, exsurdant vina palatum! Nevertheless, Monsieur le Marquis may rest assured that I shall labor to please

of not being understood." After uttering these words, Rostain draped himself in his toga, cast to heaven the look of an unappreciated genius

and left my study.
"I would have thought," I said to the marquis, "that you would have spared no sacrifice to retain that great man."

"You judge me correctly, sir," replied Monsieur de Malouet; "but you'll see he carried me to the very limits of impossibility. Precisely a week ago, Monsieur Rostain, having solicited a private audi-ence, announced to me that he found him-self under the painful necessity of leaving my service. 'Heavens! Monsieur Ros-tain to leave my service! And where do you expect to go?' 'To Paris.' 'What! to Paris! But you had shaken upon the great Babylon the dust of your sandals! The decadence of taste, the increasing development of the romantic cuisine! Such are your own words, Rostain! He re-plied: 'Doubtless, Monsieur le Marquis; but provincial life has bitter trials which I had not forseen!' I offered fabulous

I had not forseen! I offered fabulous wages; he refused. 'Come my good fellow, what is the matter? Ah! I see, you don't like the scullery-maid; she disturbs your meditations by her vulgar songs; very well, consider her dismissed! \* That is not enough? Is it Antoine, then, who is objectionable? I'll discharge him! heaven, Monsieur Rostain, do explain! said Jean Rostain, 'I must confess to you that it is impossible for me to live in a place where I find no one to play a game of billiards with me! Ma foi! it was a little too much!" added the marquis, with cheerful good nature. "I could not really offer to play billiards with him mysel!! I had to submit. I wrote at once to Pars, and last evening a young cook arrived, who wears a mustache and gave his name as Jacquemart (of Bordeaux). The classic Rostain, in a sublime impulse of artistic pride, volunteered to assist Monsieur Jacquemart (of Bordeaux) in his first effort, and that's how, gentlemen, I was able to day to serve this great eclectic dinner, of which, I fear, we will alone, Monsieur and

myself, have appreciated the mysterious Monsieur de Malouet rose from the table as he was concluding the story of Rostain's epic. After coffee, I followed the smokers into the garden. The evening was magnificent. The marquis led me away along the main avenue, the fine sand of which sparkled in the moohlight be-tween the dense shadows of the tall chest-nuts. While talking with apparent care-lessnes, he submitted me to a sort of examination upon a variety of subjects, as if to make sure that I was worthy of the interest he had so gratuitously manifested toward me up to this time. We were fa from agreeing on all points; but, gifted both with sincerity and good nature, we found almost as much pleasure in arguing as we did in agreeing. That epicuri an is a thinker; his thoughts, al-ways generously inclined, has assumed, in the solitude where it has developed itself, a peculiar and paradoxical turn. wish I could give you an idea of it.

As we were returning to the chateau we heard a great noise of voices and laughter, and he saw at the toot of the stoop some ten or twelve young men who were jumping and bounding, as if trying to reach, without the help of the steps, the platform that crowns the double staircase. We were able to understand the explanation of these passionate gymnas-tics as soon as the light of the moon enabled us to distinguish a white dress on the platform. It was evidently a tournament which the white dress was to crown the victor. The young lady (had she not been young, they would not have jumped so high) was leaning over the balustrade, exposing boldly to the dew of an autumn night, and to the kisses of Diana, her lower-wreathed head and her bare shoulders; she was slightly stooping down, and held out to the competitors an object somewhat difficult to discern at a distance; it was a slendor cigarette; the delicate andiwork of her white fingers and her rosy nails. Although there was nothing in the sight that was not charming. Monsieur de Malouet probably found in it emething he did not like, for his tone of cheerful good humor became suddenly shaded with a perceptible tint of annoyance, when he murmured.

"There it is again! I was sure of it! It is the Little Countess!" It is hardly necessary for me to add that I had recognized, in the Little Counalways the same disposition. She recog-nized me perfectly also, on her side, as you'll see directly. At the moment when

no hesitation in designating as "classic" the one that was surmounted with a temple of Cupid, and a figure of that god in polychromatic pastry.

"A hit?" exclaimed the marquis. "Bra"A hit?" exclaimed the marquis. "Braintimidated perhaps by the presence of the marquis, resolved to put an end to the scene, and thrust abruptly her cigarette

"Here! it's for you! After all, you jump better than any of them."

And she disappeared after this parting

shaft, which possessed the double advan-tage of hitting at once both the victor and the vanquished.

This was, so far as I am concerned, the This was, so far as I am concerned, the last noticeable episode of the evening. After a game or two of whist, I pretexed a little fatigue, and Monsieur de Malouet had the kindness to escort me in person to a pretty little room, hung with chintz and contiguous to the library. I was disturbed during part of the night by the monotonous sound of the piano and the rumbling noise of carriages, indications of civilization which made me regret more bitterly than ever my poor Thebais.

Continued next week.

Continued next week.

We Marry Too Young. A New York medical journal sensibly says: Amongst our American population —perhaps particularly the first and second enerations from emigrant parents—there appears to be a very strong tendency to marry young. This very especially ap-plies to the female portion of the commuplies to the female portion of the commu-nity. American young men seem infatu-ated about marrying girls not out of their teens. A young woman of twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, in the city, is an "old maid." Marrying young men seek a union with children of fifteen to seventeen years of age—girls that ought to be in charge of their parents for some years to come, instead of becoming mothers

This infatuation results in undeveloped growing girls thus becoming young mothers before they are fit to leave their own mothers care. The first consequence of this is that the infant offspring of a beard-less boy of eighteen or nineteen years of age and a childish girl of fifteen or sixteen years, possesses but little stamina and soon droops and dwindles, and dies in the first

weeks or months of its existence.
Crossing from Brooklyn to New York on a ferry-boat, recently, we observed a pale, delicate, unhealthy-looking little girl trying to pacify a sickly, crying, dying in-fant. For a little time we were complete-ly puzzled in conjecturing whether the little girl was the mother of that dying infant or not. And yet she handled the ba-by with something of that air only a moth-er can manifest. Being curious to ascer-tain the truth of the matter, we made free, with endless apologies, to ask that girl if she were really the infant's mother. With somewhat of color rising in her pale cheeks and a mother's pride she said:

Johnson's barn so much."

his wife, he asked hoarsely:
"Mirandy, what is that?'.
"What is what, Likey!"

to the stove.

him whatever.

steer had him.

male with an enormous bustle, expressed

A circuit preacher in Missouri prayed

for rain one night at a farmer's house, and the farmer, who had a horse race arranged for the next day, was so mad that he turned the good man out of

to be dead. Knives have been stuck into

his body, but they produce no effect upon

A butcher in Indiana tied one end of a

rope round his waist and lassoed a steer with the other. At first he thought he had the steer, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect that the

The heart is the only thing that in creases in value by being broken,

the opinion that they seemed to principally "backward."

"Yes, sir, this is my child."
Heartily and sincerely did we pitty
that little girl. Without strength herself, there was that poor litte infant want-

Inter-Ocean "Before I came to New Orleans I had

an idea that a Creole was a half breed of some race—Cuban, French, or Spanish, I didn't know which; and I think many of the Northern people have the same notion, and would be grateful if I would correct them before they come down here and show their ignorance as I did. A Creole is a native of Louisiana, as any one born in Indiana is a Hoosier, and in Ohio a Buckeye. They don't have dark peneive eyes and romantic hair, and they don't sit on verandas, with their fist against their cheek, and a shapely arm, bare to the elbow, resting on the balus-trade; and they don't look off into the garden of orange trees and bananas and depolying ralps with alignous grawling drooping palms, with aligators crawling over their walks. It's a misrepresentation, this idea; but I was sorry to have my romance shattered when I found it

There are two gentlemen in New York says the Sun, brothers, well known as men-about-town. We will call them Bill and Bill stutters a little. Said Jim one day: "Bill, I want you to go with me and see a Scotch terrier. He is the greatest ratter in the city. We must have that dog."
"I'll go," said Bill. They went. The terrier was brought out, and a rat was loosened with him. To fulfill the character ascribed to him, the terrier should have dispatched a certain number of rats withn one minute. But a single rat seemed to be fully a match for him. Indeed the longer they fought the more it looked as if the rat would prove the better of the two. The dog shook and the rat bit; but the rat seemed to bite the hardest. Finally Bill broke out: "J-J-Jim," said he, 'b-b-b-buy the rat!"

Nothing on earth can smile but a hu man being. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash com-pared with an eye-lash, and mirth-flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bu that cannot blossom, and dries upon the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between them both, and more bewitching than either.

A country paper gives the following ad-vice to a correspondent: "We shall have to decline your article on the 'Decline of Aristocracy.' We have left out several of our own articles this week, and yours is worse than any of them. Take our advice, and write a few short pieces; write plainly; write only on one side of the sheet; and then take your pieces and burn them in the kitchen fire

Good manners, as it has been pithily said, are only the absence of selfishness They are doing to others as we would wish to be done unto. A thoughtfulness for the comfort of those about us, a pleasant smile, a kind word, these are the ingredients of which good manners are chiefly composed.

Ben, Benson, of Richmond, Ind., killed a ground-hog just as he was going into his hole for a six-weeks' rest. The fartess, my Amazon with the blue plume, his hole for a six-weeks' rest. The far-who, with or without plume, seems to have mers in that vicinity talked some of lynching Ben.; but finally let him off with a round dozen. This judicious act saves

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A few days ago young Gurley, whose father lived on Croghan street, organized a theatrical company and purchased the dime novel play of "Hamlet." The company consisted of three boys and a hostler, and Mr. Gurley's hired girl was to be the "Ghost" if the troupe could guarantee her fifty cents per night. "Ghost" if the troupe could guarantee her fifty cents per night.

Young Gurley suddenly bloomed out as professional, and when his mother asked him to bring in some wood he replied:
"Though I am penniless thou canst not degrade me!"
"You trot out after that wood or I'll wish bright colors, which quite spoils the effect of the flowers, which would be gay enough, as regards color, without any addition in the way of paint. Inside the wire-work put a thick layer of green moss, so as to prevent the soil from dropning through: over this put some broken degrade mel"
"You trot out after that wood or I'll "You trot out after that wood or I'll she ex-"You trot out after that wood or I'll have your father trounce you!" she exclaimed.

"The tyrant who lays his hand on me shall die!" replied the boy, but he got the wood.

He was out on the step when a man came along and asked him where Lafayette street was.

"Doomed for a certain time to roam the earth!" replied Gurley, in a hoarse voice, and holding his right arm out straight.

"I say, you—where is Lafayette street?" called the man.

"Ah! Could the dead but speak—ah!" continued Gurley.

"And Could the dead but speak—ah!" continued Gurley.

"I sham to prevent the soil from dropping through; over this put some broken crocks, and then fill up with whatever compost is best suited to the requirements of the plants with which the baskets are to be filled. For summer decoration there are numberless plants that can be grown in baskets, but, for winter blooming, nothing is better, or looks more showy, than Rollisson's unique geranium or scarlet Tropelum, both of which will continue in flower all through the winter, and dropping plant round the edge, as, for in-"Ah! Could the dead but speak—ah!" continued Gurley.

The man drove him into the house, and his mother sent him to the grocery after potatoes.

"I go, most noble Duchess," he said, as he took up the basket; "but my good sword shall some day avenge these insults!"

He knew that the grocer favored theatricals, and when he got there he said:

"Art thou provided with a store of that vegetables known as the 'tater, most excellent Duke?"

"What in the thunder do you want?" growled the grocer as he cleaned the cheese-knife on a piece of paper.

"Thy plebian mind is dull of comprehension!" answered Gurley.

"Don't try to get off any of your nonsense on me or I'll crack your empty pate hension!" answered Gurley.

"Don't try to get off any of your nonsense on me or I'll crack your empty pate
in a minute!" roared the grocer, and
"Hamlet" had to come down from his
high horse and ask for a peck of potaup which can be trained creepers, also makes a pretty room ornament. The great point as regards creeping plants in baskets or boxes, fresh and in good health, is to give them plenty of water during the growing season, but more sparingly in the winter, and to keep the leaves clean. If baskets are hung high there should be some means of getting up-to them every morning with steps. If the baskets are small the best way is to carry them away and water them outside; but in the case of large baskets this cannot be "What made you so long?" asked his mother as he returned.
"Thy grave shall be dug in the cypress glade!" he answered. When his father came home at noon Mrs. Gurley told him that she believed n the case of large baskets this cannot be the boy was going crazy, and related what done, so a tea-tray or something of the kind should be placed under them to-catch the drip.—The (London) Garden.

"I see what ails him," mused the fath-er; "this explains why he hangs around Horrible Death From the Bite of a At the dinner table young Gurley spoke of his father as the "illustrious Count," Mrs. Jervis, wife of a farmer living near Sacramento, died a few days ago in this city from the bite of a tarantula. The and when his mother asked him if he would have some butter gravy he answered:

"The appetite of a warrior cannot be satisfied with such nonsense."

When the meal was over the father went out to his favorite shade-tree, cut a spront, and the boy was asked to step out into the woodshed and see if the penstock was frozen up. He found the old man there, and he said:

"Why, most noble Lord, I had supposed thee far away.

"I'm not so far away but what I'm going to make you skip!" growled the father. "I'll teach you to fool around with ten cent tragedies! Come up here!"

Eor about five minutes the woodshed and to his hostor discovered that she was bitten by a tarantula. The case is singular, and is another instance of the deadly attributes of this insect, not uncommon in many portions of California. Some six months ago Mrs Jervis, then living on her husband's farm, had occasion to strike a light, and going to school for a match. While so doing she found something in a piece of writing paper which she thought might be a bunch of matches, and took hold of it. As she did so she felt a sharp pain like the prick of a needle or pin, and going to school for a match. While so doing she found something it about for a match. While so doing she found something it about for a match. While so doing she found something it about for a match. While so doing she found something it about for a match. While so doing she found something it about for a match. While so doing she found something attached took hold of it. As she did so she felt a sharp pain like the prick of a needle or pin, and going to school for a match. While so doing she found something attached took hold of it. As she did so she felt a sharp pain like the prick of a needle or pin, and going to school for a match. While so doing she found something attached took hold of it. As she did so she felt a sharp pain like the prick of a needle or pin, and going to school for a match. While so doing she found something attached took hold of it. As she did so she felt a sharp pain like the prick of a tarantula. would have some butter gravy he answer-For about five minutes the woodshed discovered that she was bitten by a taran-

For about five minutes the woodshed was full of dancing feet, flying arms and moving bodies, and then the old man took a rest and inquired:

"There, your Highness, dost want any more?"

"Oh! no, dad—not a bit more!" wailed the young "manager," and while the father started for down town he went in and sorrowfully informed the hired girl that he must cancel her engagement till the fall season.—Detroit Free Press.

Sniffles brought his two week's spree discovered that she was bitten by a mean discovered that she was bitten by a mean till —whose poison is deadly unless the wound be immediately cauterized. He told his wife that she had only one chance of her life, to have the injured part out out. She consented, and getting his rasor he cut a piece one square inch out of her finger. The unfortunate woman stood the opera on heroically but its effects were not such as were desired. She lingered for six months in continued agony, her blood literally drying up, till she was reduced to an absolute skeleton. Three months before her death her entire right Sniffles brought his two week's spree side became paralyzed; yet, strange to say, to a sudden close Thursday night. He lay on a lounge in the parlor, feeling as mean as sour lager, when something in the corner of the room attracted his attention. Raising on his elbow, he gazed steadily at it. Rubbing his eyes, he stared again, and as he stared his terror grew. Calling his wife, he asked hoarsely:

"Mirandy what is that?"

months before her death her entire right side became paralyzed; yet, strange to say, the hand had a tendency to crawl, and the fingers incessantly moved like the legs of a spider. This feeling she said she could not control and it presents one of the strongest phases of this disease, though a usual accompaniment, so averged, of poisoning by insects of the spider kind.—San Francisco Post.

A Suppressed Genius.
The Detroit Free Press says: A Case av-Saiffles' name is Lycurgus, and his wife Sniffles' name is Lycurgus, and his wife calls him Likey for short and sweet.

"Why, that—that—thing in the corner." said the frightened man, pointing at it with a hand that shook like a politician.

"Likey, dear, I see nothing," replied the woman.

"What! You don't see it!" he shrieked. "Then I've got 'em. Oh, heavens Bring me the bible, Mirandy! Bring it quick! Here, here on this sacred book I swear never to touch another drop of whise ky. If I break my vow, may my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth, and—"

Here catching another glimpse of the terrible object, he clutched his wife and begged in piteous tones:

"Don't leave me—don't leave your Likey," and burying his face in the folds of her dress, he sobbed and moaned himself into a froubled sleep.

Then his wife stole gently to the corner, picked up the toy snake, and threw it into the parlor, and triumphantly pointed to the parlor, and triumphantly pointed to the proofs of his artistic skill. The gilt paper on the walls tormed a fine groundwork for him, and he had painted a horse over one door, a lion over another, a bird over a third, and at intervals along the walls he had brought out fishing dogs, ships, fire-engines, Indians in full dress, and bears chasing boys. He had put a new border on the bay-window curtains, striped the legs of the piano, and proceeded to touch up and improve certain chromos and oil paintings hanging on the walls. Father and mother gazed around, and the young artist anxiously waited for them to pat him on his head and say that they were proud of such a son. They didn't pat him—not very much. The father placed the son's ear between his there are the son's ear between his the store. enue father procured an outfit of oil paints alls him Likey for short and sweet.
"Why, that—that—thing in the corself into a froubled sleep.

Then his wife stole gently to the corner, picked up the toy snake, and threw it inther placed the son's ear between his thumb and finger, and led him through several rooms to the woodshed, and what followed may be inferred from a remark Kalakana remarked to a friend before leaving Washington, that the ladies of that city appeared to him "very forward." One of his attendants, who chanced at the moment to espy a fashionably-dressed fedropped by the boy and overheard by a pedestrian, "Oh, father, let up on me, and I'll never be an artist any more."

Blue water-proof cloth has almost entirely taken the place of the black and white mixed cloth of former years. It is very becoming to almost every complexion, and when made up in appropriate and becoming style is a very pretty as well as useful garment, and one almost necessary to every lady's wardrobe.

Poverty is a crime mostly in the eyes do not suffer from it have no time to con-sider it in any shape.

There is a man in a Chicago hospital, a victim of a railroad accident, whose head is alive, but his entire body seems 'I'll take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of

The little worn baby's shoe, for which no one cares to-day, what a treasure it will

The balls of sight are so formed that one man's eves are spetacles to another to

Happiness is unrepented pleasure.